

INQUIRY INTO HEIRESS' DEATH ORDERED REOPENED

Chief McWeeny reopened inquiry into the death of Mrs. Marie Paulina Greene Jones, who came to Chicago from Italy to fight for a share of her father's \$200,000 estate.

McWeeny received an anonymous letter last night from Capri, Italy. The letter said that Mrs. Jones was never known to have a nurse in Italy, and that she was in good health when she left that country and expected to return in six weeks.

Mrs. Jones was found dead in the Tudor Hotel, 645 Cass street, March 18. A hypodermic syringe that had contained morphine was lying by the bedside. A coroner's jury returned a verdict of accidental death due to an overdose of morphine.

Detectives have been ordered to search for a Miss Wynne, the nurse who attended Mrs. Jones on her deathbed. Miss Wynne apparently has disappeared.

Mrs. Jones came to demand the share of the estate from D. Russell Greene, of 3500 Ellis avenue, her brother.

Greene was very much peeved when told about the anonymous letter.

"It's disgusting," he said. "Why should she commit suicide? Why, the very day she died, I agreed to turn over \$100,000 over to her."

Nevertheless, the police are curious.

CALLS GIRL'S FEET BIG. BING!

A passenger, who stumbled over a girl's feet in a North Clark street car shortly after midnight last night, and made a slighting comment on the size shoes she wore, caused a riot that the police were called to quell.

Walter Jones, 20, who claims to be a Kentuckian just arrived in Chicago, took up the cause of the young woman and engaged in battle with the man, which soon became a general mix-up with the passengers. Many people tried to jump from the

crowded car. Jones and a youth of 18 were arrested, but Jones was released after telling his story.

McMANIGAL, THE INFORMER, IS HAVING A GOOD TIME

Los Angeles, April 26.—Without a care and assured of three hearty meals a day and a suite of six carpeted, communicating cells, life has become a succession of comfortable rest days to Ortie McManigal, confessed dynamiter, who was to have been the state's star witness in the trial of the McNamara brothers. Also McManigal is to be freed soon.

Meanwhile the McNamaras are laboring eight hours a day in prison stripes at San Quentin penitentiary. While the McNamaras are ceaselessly laboring in the dusty prison jute mill, McManigal spends his few waking hours fashioning flimsy paper doilies which he slits into fantastic designs with his well-kept hands. McManigal has been Los Angeles county's star boarder for two years. From a drawn-faced man of 150 pounds he has developed into the aldermanic size of 230 pounds. His pale, round face is complacent and satisfied.

Occasionally McManigal is given a day's outing. Recently he was absent from jail all day. The records indicated that he had been taken to the district attorney's office—but at night he returned with three tiny mackerel and a smelt. He had been fishing.

McManigal is charged with dynamiting the Llewellyn Iron Works here. He has never been brought to trial. After he testifies at the third trial of Clarence Darrow it is believed he will be quietly released. The county authorities refused to say today what they will do. In the meantime, Ortie McManigal doesn't worry.

At the theater Mrs. Babbington, suddenly missing her husband: "Where is the light of my life?" Mr. Jenkins, sitting near: "Gone out!"